

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY LIBRARY

APR 17 1995

TIGHTWIRE

SUMMER ISSUE 1993

CANADA....

**WHERE WOMEN ARE JAILED
MORE OFTEN FOR PETTY CRIMES
THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY
IN THE WORLD**



SUMMER ISSUE

CONTENTS

August 10-Prisoner's Justice Day.....	1-2
Prison Closing.....	3-5
Battered Women.....	6
Art Work.....	7
Death Penalty.....	8
Being Human.....	9
Early Days of Powwow.....	10-11
Tony Rios.....	12
Fighting for Life.....	13-14
New Kitchener Facility.....	15
The Four Seasons.....	16
To Warren.....	17
FRANCOPHONE Section.....	18-24
Attention Addicts.....	25
Dutch Prison Time.....	26-28
Poetry.....	29-33
Chapel Services.....	34

Julie McKay - Editor

Melissa Stewart - Co-Editor

AUGUST 1- -NATIONAL PRISON JUSTICE DAY.

When Howie Brown wrote me from the "hole" in Millhaven Maximum in the summer of 1976 about the panic button (intended to alert guards of an emergency) which had been disconnected, and as a result how Eddie Nalon had slashed up and died - and he and other prisoners were planning to organize a 24 hour fast and work stoppage on August 10th, little did I realize the far-reaching effects of the idea. Prisoners as far away as Scotland and as close as the United States have been joining us on this special day, holding similar memorial gestures.

Howie wanted to share their grief with us on that first anniversary of Eddie's death, as well as that of another prisoner who had just died in the same way in the same location. Bobbie Landers had just suffered a heart attack and died....unattended and unnecessarily.

Little did I realize, in 1976 when Prisoner's Rights Group (PRG) organized about ten people to fast and sleep overnight around the monument at the B.C. Pen., that would be the first of many other nation-wide groups doing their "August 10th" over the years. As one old-timer quietly confided in our closed visit three days later, "it was almost like being free again" in those days, visiting consisted of talking through a (monitored) telephone peering at each other through a glass window. No such thing as OPEN visits - but strangely enough quantities of contraband drugs were getting in then too!

It took several more years of persistence, before Commissioner Andre Therrien officially declared that prisoners could pass August 10th in this manner without incurring punitive reactions from administrations. A day's pay to be withheld for the day not worked. But, some prisoners are still penalized as some wardens still refuse to heed the Commissioner.

Last August 10th, in addition to other demonstrations held elsewhere, Kathy Yarwood, a devoted friend of Prisoners, laid a wreath at the gates of Edmonton Max., - an inspiring idea, to be repeated at other prison gates this year.

It is often said that prisons are a microcosm of the world around us. In these days of devastating unemployment, in a land where a million children live below the poverty level, in families struggling to subsist on under paid jobs or social assistance, creating a shocking number of suicides amongst our young people, it is no wonder that tensions are steadily mounting INSIDE as well as OUTSIDE.

However since we can not live without hope, as August 10th rolls around again this particular area of solidarity does provide us with some hope that the world can move forward with a measure of sanity, for everyone, everywhere. As a prison activist of many years, nothing gives me a greater sense of pride than having been able to help

Howie, seventeen years ago; to realize his very special dream that on every August 10th, Eddie's death - and deaths of so many others are remembered and honoured.

August 10th is our day..... No one can take it away from us.

We look forward to even greater participation in 1993!

Prepared by: Claire Culhane - Prison Activist.

PLANNING FOR RELEASE

NEW BRUNSWICK AND/OR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

DO YOUR RELEASE PLANS INCLUDE NEW BRUNSWICK AND/OR P.E.I.? ARE YOU WONDERING WHAT SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE?

- A) HOUSING**
- B) EMPLOYMENT**
- C) EDUCATION**
- D) EMOTIONAL SUPPORT**
- E) SELF-HELP PROGRAMS**

A COMMITTEE FOR FEDERALLY SENTENCED WOMEN HAS BEEN DEVELOPED IN SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK. WE REPRESENT A VARIETY OF ORGANIZATIONS AND ARE AVAILABLE TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS.

CONTACT:

**BETTY MACDONALD, CHAIRPERSON
COMMITTEE FOR FEDERALLY SENTENCED WOMEN
61 UNION STREET, 5TH FLOOR
SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK
E2L 1A2
TELEPHONE: 1-506-634-1649**

ANXIOUS WOMEN AWAIT PRISON CLOSING

Anything less than being fully informed about all the options available to them, is not acceptable to the inmates of P4W. The closing of the prison in September, 1994 makes the women very apprehensive about their futures. There are many unanswered questions.

Some women think if "they are not from Ontario," they can not go to the new Kitchener facility.

The native women want to know more about the "healing lodge" to be built for them.

The black women feel slighted because they have not been asked their opinions on any of the new proposed facilities!

Some women do not want to leave Kingston at all, because they have family in this area and some of the women have husbands and sons in some of the men's prisons right in Kingston and feel that if they are moved to a new facility they will have difficulty seeing their spouses and children. They have enough problems just trying to see them now, when there is just a short distance between them. Their visits are always late because there are not enough escorts. What will happen when they are even further away?

Some women are very interested in the proposed day care facilities. Since women have different needs than men and their maternal instinct is always a part of their personality, the separation of mothers from their children can be deeply wounding to both the mothers and children. Addressing this issue will be a major challenge for CSC staff.

Children are our most important resources say the women. For a fraction of the cost of keeping one woman in jail for a year, we could provide a child from an underprivileged background with all the personal and educational opportunities that could wipe out illiteracy. The temptation to experience drugs, delinquency and other paths to a criminal behaviour would then be greatly diminished. There is no amount of money, time or energy too great to spend on our children. They are our future. In failing them, we are failing ourselves.

One woman said, "we are wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against principles, against power, against rulers of oppression. There is no compromise between staff and inmates. It's like a war zone."

Another woman said, "We need to dig in. We need to take a position against CSC. We need to stand out ground."

Exercise and recreation are very important activities and the women interviewed felt they did not get enough time outdoors, especially in the summer. Also they felt there was not enough programs in the gym. The gym is not fully utilized as it should be.

Some complained about the guards. "The guards do not do their job properly. Some like to play "heavy" and some are unco-operative and on "power trips".

Sometimes living with so many women in closed quarters is hard to take. We all get PMS at the same time.

How we find out information on coming into the prison system for the first time; other inmates tell us the rules and about programs, etc. If we did not tell each other, information, we would have a very hard time. The staff do not tell you anything. They never give you a straight answer.

In listening to the experiences of the women in population, many of them have themselves been victims from an early age. Most are survivors of abuse and some want to self-injure. They need to feel the pain to know they are alive.

Another said, "we shouldn't be locked away in a concrete fortress. Then one day we are handed a piece of paper and told "go out into the community and behave like responsible, trustworthy people".

Since beginning this article, the Warden has put on a program to inform inmates about the new facilities. On June 21, we had an information sharing session. It seems that inmates might have to be moved to Provincial jails while awaiting the opening of the new Federal prisons. So far though, no plans are firmly in place.

Another inmate had these comments : "I feel that this excuse of being near our families" just doesn't cut it."

They are so worried about the reputation of this place with the media and outside that they are panicked because it only reflects on the administration and rather than try and work on making it a better place, they will just split us up and send us away. As for me personally, my family is from Ottawa. So, sending me to Kitchener (twice as far away) is defeating the whole purpose of why they say they are moving us.

Many women have been here a long time and though it may sound funny to an outsider, this is their home. It's like saying "well we know you have lived here 10 years, but now you are moving and you have no say in it whatsoever". A lot of talk about how "horrific" this place is, is merely gossip, as many inmates in here would tell you if they were allowed the chance to voice their opinions. Women are not raped and beaten every day of the week and as sad as it seems, there have been many deaths within these walls, but not recently.

They have spent thousands of dollars on renovations and also a new visiting unit. Why were all these changes not done a long time ago when they were needed? We wonder could this be when we are leaving they are improving the place for the men to move in?

Why couldn't some of the thousands spent on new uniforms for the guards - be spent on making changes here? Think about it...a guard could be in any sort of clothing for all I care... it does not mean they will not charge us, irritate us, like us any more because of what they are wearing. Why not put some of that money to a good cause instead of using it for "outer garb". If you were to do a survey of how these new uniforms for the guards are going to affect our view of them now that they are dressed differently.....

There are a lot of women in here with substance abuse problems and no programs to help them with these problems. Why are there no programs? Cutbacks in the budget!! Does this make sense to you? It sure does not make sense to me. We are put back on the street with the same problems we had when we entered the building in the first place.

Recently we had a visitor from Elizabeth Fry, Halifax. She told us the sod had actually been turned for the new Truro Facility. So, as far as we know, Kitchener and Truro are supposed to go ahead.

The new Warden for Truro Facility has already moved there. She is now liaising with various groups and community based programs to get the new Truro Facility into functioning well in that area. She is also meeting with townspeople. The size of the Truro facility has already been downgraded to housing less women than we were previously told when Therese LeBlanc visited us here last spring. Also we were told the Halifax County Correctional Centre, Women's Section, is closing down completely. Does this mean we will be housed in Truro with Provincial women? That's what it sounds like at the present time. As we get more information, we will keep you informed...If you hear anything let us know!

Melissa Stewart
and Julie McKay

BATTERED WOMEN IN PRISON PETITION FOR CLEMENCY

It is estimated there are 600 women in California prisons for killing their abusers in self-defence. These women sought police protection at least five times before having to resort to homicide. The fact is, adult women are more likely to be injured, raped and assaulted by their male partners (present and former) than all other types of assailants combined.

In March 1991, 34 women imprisoned at Frontera, California wrote Gov. Wilson asking him to review their cases. In January 1992, Wilson decided to give inmates who wrote the first letter to him until April, then extended it to May 1992, to file application for clemency-commutation of their remaining sentences. The California Coalition for Battered Women in Prison was formed by advocates for battered women as well as legal assistance groups. The Coalition submitted petitions on behalf of 22 women by May and an additional 12 by the end of October, 1992.

This month commemorates the passage of one year since the first petitions were submitted. Wilson has repeatedly said that he is reviewing the petitions on a case by case basis and would have some decisions made within this month. He has still not made any decisions.

Other Governors have set precedents for Wilson. In December, 1991, Gov. Celeste of Ohio released 26 battered women who were incarcerated for murder. In February 1991, Governor Shaefer of Maryland granted clemency to 11 women. Clemency has also been granted in Illinois, Washington, Florida, New Hampshire and Louisiana.

Two measures are before the California State Legislature on behalf of women who killed in self-defence.

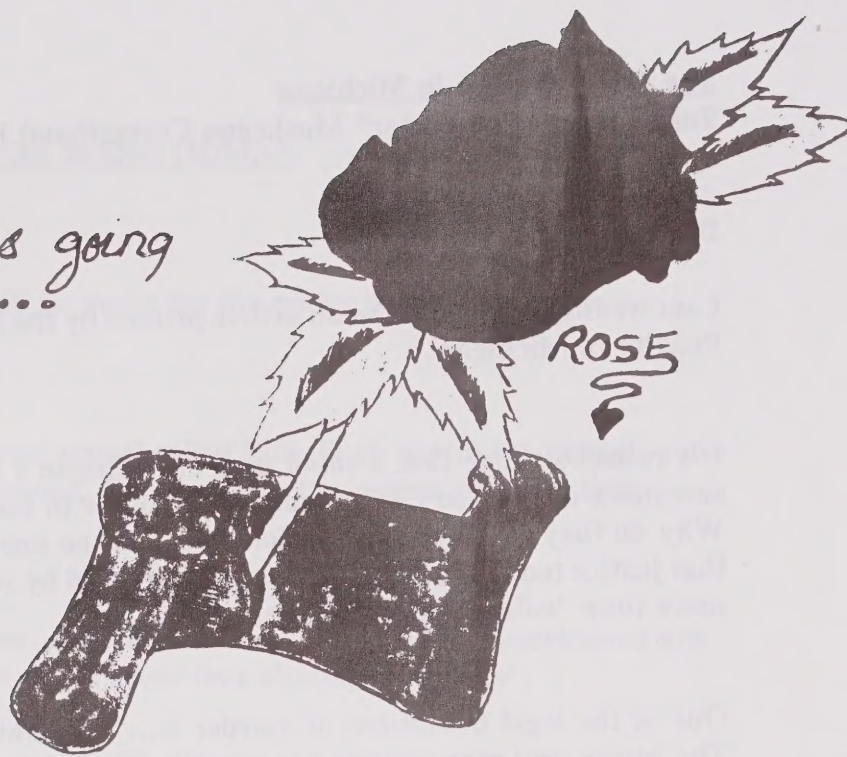
*AB 2373 sponsored by assemblyman John Burton (D-SF) would create a special commission to review murder cases and attempted to determine if the accused was a victim of partner abuse. It would grant pardons upon determination.

*AB 2401 sponsored by assemblywoman Jackie Speier (D-South SF) would require the Board of Prison Terms to undergo training on Battered Women's Syndrome before determining conditions for parole.

You can urge Governor Wilson to release the imprisoned battered women by writing to him at State Capital Building, Sacramento, California, USA 95814

Editor's note: It is good to see that some justice is being done in the United States, but it would be great if the women in Canada had more support of this kind.

I knew I was going
to miss you...



But I never knew
how much.

The Death Penalty in Michigan

Taken from "The Factor" Muskegon Correctional Facility, Michigan.

Dear Editor,

I am writing in response to an article printed by the Detroit Free Press regarding the Death Penalty in Michigan.

It's rather strange that a small part of Michigan's law makers are willing to forsake the sanctuary of the Ten Commandments in order to execute people in the name of "Justice?" Why do they continue to push for a bill that no one feels comfortable with? We all know that justice today is a lie! Any execution ordered by society in the name of justice is nothing more than "cold blooded" murder!

One of the legal definitions of murder is..."The taking of anothers' life for hire or, pay" The jurors and executioners are actually "PAID" to pass judgement and kill a person by whomever they have paid to pull the switch or inject the poison, pure and simple.

If you believe that one day you will be called to put a prisoner to death, then you no longer believe in the ten commandments, thus losing your hope and faith. In doing so you are giving in to fears, and by the same token you are creating and populating the state with the same type of monsters you have just condemned!

Law is based on opinions. Truth is based in Love.

The laws emitting from Michigan, as evidenced by the bulging prisons are lies - lies which are catching up with those who can no longer twist the truth, just one of the reasons why laws change from day-to-day, year-to-year. Truth stands firm: it never changes nor can it be changed. Think about it when it's time to cast your next vote!

Sincerely,

William H. Dease, Chippewa Temp. Correctional Facility.

RULES FOR BEING HUMAN

1. **You will receive a body.**
You may like it or hate it,, but it will be yours for the entire period this time around.
2. **You will learn lessons.**
You are enrolled in a full-time informal school called Life. Each day in this school, you will have the opportunity to learn lessons. You may like the lessons or think them irrelevant or stupid.
3. **There are no mistakes, only lessons.**
Growth is a process of trial and error. experimentation. The "Failed" experiments are as much a part of the process as the experiment that ultimately "works".
4. **A lesson is repeated until learned.**
A lesson will be presented to you in various forms until you have learned it. When you have learned it, you can then go on to the next lesson.
5. **Learning lessons does not end.**
There is no part of life that does not contain its lessons. If you are alive, there are lessons to be learned.
6. **"There" is no better than "here" you will simply obtain another "there" that will again,look better that "Here".**
7. **Others are merely mirrors of you.**
You cannot love or hate something about another person unless it reflects to you, something you love or hate about your self.
8. **What you make of your life is up to you.**
You have all the resources you need. What you do with them is up to you. The choice is yours.
9. **Your answers lie within you.**
The answers to life's questions lie inside you. All you need to do is look, listen and trust.
10. **You will forget all of this.....**

Taken from: ARROWS TO FREEDOM

Official pub. of Drumheller Native Brotherhood of Indian and Metis.

Spring issue 1993

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE POWWOW

My grandfather would have been amazed at the popularity of Powwows today... during his youth, Powwow celebrations were banished from his reserve and almost all of the other reserves in southern Saskatchewan.

In those days the Indian Act (Sec. 114, chap. 35 58-59) prohibited all Indian dances and ceremonies in which gift giving was practised, and the Indian agents and missionaries made it their special mission to put a stop to powwows.

One Uncle related to me that from the early 1900's until the great war, Indians were only allowed to dress up in their traditional outfits for exhibitions and parades but if they danced in their outfits they could be arrested and imprisoned for up to three months.

The campaign to suppress Powwows in Saskatchewan was taken with a vengeance by the infamous Father Hukanard, principle of the Qu'Appelle Indian Industrial School. In 1903 he wrote the first of many letters to the commissioner expressing his concerns about the heathen habits of Indians and the debauching of Indian Powwows. The Father's "concern" that his graduates were returning to their communities and returning to their traditional practices, was best expressed in this passage from one of his letters: "Let him (The commissioner) attend some of these dances where the graduates of these schools were present and see them nearly nude decked out in feathers and beads, dancing like demented individuals and indulging in all kinds of debauchery; and if he had the progress of welfare of the Indian at heart I am satisfied he would not hesitate a minute but desire that the total suppression of these dances and pagan practices is the first essential towards progress and advancement" (PACA RG10 Volume 3825,file 60,511-1 Father Hukanard to Indian Commissioner.Nov.1903)

In answer to the campaign of the Father Hukanard, Indian leaders petitioned the government to allow them to hold their dances just as white people enjoy their dancing (PACA RG10 Volume 3825,file 60,511,petition from Pheasant Rump and Striped blankets Bands to the House of Commons to allow Powwows) However, Hukanard's letter was supported by a similar request from Sgrd. Adelard, the Archbishop of St.Boniface, who stated that "the Powwows are pregnant with regrettable consequences and in no way could they be compared to white dances". The Indian Affairs Inspector William Graham also made sure that politicians in the House Of Commons understood that to allow Indians to hold Powwows would be to install their progress toward the goal of becoming civilized. Graham was also firm in his instruction to his agents that they should not tolerate any Powwows on their reserves. In one letter he suggested to Agent Cory in Moose Mountain that Cory should tell the Indians that they were being prohibited from having Powwows because of social health risks, the dances are held in cold buildings, the Indians travel too far to attend dances, and that the hosts had a small supply of food once they arrived. Graham also stated in his letters that if necessary the "evils" of the Powwows should be pointed out to the Indians. (PACRG10,Volume 3827,file60,511 -4B Graham Agent to Moose Mountain)

In 1915 Father Hulanard again wrote to the Indian Commissioner. This time to complain that Inspector Graham obviously did not have enough power to stop the Powwow since all of the reserves in the South were still holding Powwows (except File Hills and Oak River Bands). This time Hulanard gave a new argument based on economics, to support his demand that the Powwows be banned: "It is well known that there is little farming where there is dancing. Dancing requires that the Indians attend with their horses and it makes him spend considerable money to buy beadwork and dancing costumes and/or material to make them and to buy provisions for the usual meal indulged when dancing and on two occasions I have seen collections made, especially after Treaty to buy provisions and supplies by the barrel, for the dance. (*PACA RG10 Volume 3826, file 600,511-4 part Hulanard to Indian Commissioner) Hulanard went on to explain that he saw Powwows as "the hotbed of Indian ways, laziness, and discord" and he recommended that Indian agents refuse all favours to known dancers.

Hulanard's request was granted by Duncan Scott, the Deputy Super. General of Indian Affairs in August 1915, when a circular letter was sent out to all Indian agents instructing them as follows "It is observed with alarm that the holding of dances by Indians on their reserves is on the increase, and that those practices tend to disorganize the efforts, which the government is putting forth to make them self supporting. I have, therefore to direct you, to use your utmost endeavours to dissuade the Indians from excessive indulgence in the practise of dancing. You should suppress any dances which cause waste of time, interfere with the occupation of the Indians, unsettle them for serious work, injure their health or encourage them in sloth and idleness. It is realized that reasonable amusement and recreation should be enjoyed by Indians but they should be allowed to dissipate their energies and abandon themselves to demoralizing amusements. By the use of tact and firmness, you can attain this obstacle and keep it and this obstacle will disappear". (PACA RG10 Volume 3826, file 60,511 pacer 1; Scott to Agents and Inspectors. August 19, 1915.)

Despite all of those pressures, many Indian people continued to attend dances that were being held secretly in private homes. One such dance which was held at White Bear in 1921 was attended by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, but they made no arrests. Commissioner Graham was furious and demanded a full report as to the particulars of the occasion and an explanation as to why no arrests were made. He also had his agent identify the individuals who had hosted the dances and inquired whether or not they received rations (which could be withheld). Father Hulanard and William Graham went to great extremes and were almost successful in banishing Powwows from southern Saskatchewan. They firmly believed that there was nothing good in Indian beliefs and that Indian tradition had no place in the lives of young Indians.

I remember dancing in the late 1960's when the Powwow was beginning on the prairies but I understood even at that age something that the dancers of my Grandfather's time knew; the Powwow is Indian and as long as it continues, we as a people will continue.

BY: PAT DEITER-MCARTHUR

TONY RIOS LAKOTA NEEDS SUPPORT

Tony Rios is a 16 year old Lakota boy who is in an adult prison in South Dakota, after being sentenced in adult court for defending himself from an unprovoked attack by an adult white man. Tony slashed at the man in an attempt to get away, causing shallow wounds from which the man died, a rare and unusual case, according to the coroner. Tony spent the first five months in Juvenile Detention but was kept in solitary and even eye contact with other prisoners was forbidden. He was only 14 years old at the time. He was denied all psychological and spiritual guidance and he repeatedly attempted suicide. Eventually he was transferred to adult prison and his case was tried in adult court, over all objections.

On an unrelated charge, which was again self-defence, he was sentenced to 8 years and for the above first charge of "first degree man-slaughter" he got twenty years probation, consecutive to the first sentence. In other words, the government has another potential activist under wraps for the next 28 years. His mother has been active in the cause of her people for many years and this treatment of Tony is largely the system's way of getting to her. The treatment of young native prisoners has been her concern since before the incident that changed Tony's life and drew him into that very system.

Tony's trial was a farce, full of discrepancies, conflicting evidence and paid witnesses for the prosecution. After sentencing, he was immediately whisked away to a max. security prison 400 miles across the state where he was again beaten and abused by adult prisoners as he had been in Pennington County. After a transfer to Springfield Correctional Facility, the conditions were somewhat better, but not ideal. In order to escape beatings, he had to pay "protection" which caused his mother to sell nearly everything out of her home to keep up the payments. The other prisoners would steal his food, forcing him to buy from the commissary. Too young for either work or study programs, he had nothing to do other than play basketball. When his shoes wore out, his mother could not afford to buy new ones. It was thanks to supporters in the Montreal area that he received a new pair for Christmas.

In January, he was transferred to Sioux Falls, as he had been threatened for months. He was again beaten by the same gang as before and as punishment for fighting (although he did not start it) he had been put in the hole.

Again in despair, he attempted suicide. He is in despair and so is his mother. Four hundred miles away, without transportation, not even a phone or even enough money to keep herself fed, Thelma works ceaselessly for the cause of her son. A Chicago law firm has offered to work PRO BONO on the case for a travelling fee of \$2,000.00 which she has been unable to raise.

Donations can be sent to: ANTHONY RIOS DEFENCE FUND, NORTHWEST BANK; 202 DISK DRIVE, RAPID CITY, South Dakota 57701.

Letters or support can be sent to:

TONY RIOS - S.D. Penitentiary, P.O. BOX 911, Sioux Falls, SD 57117 USA

For more information contact:

LOIS CAPE & GORDON DEDAM, P.O. BOX 435, Oka, Quebec J0N 1E0

(514) 479-8777 (Call)

PRISONERS AT CALIFORNIA'S MEDICAL FACILITY FACE RETALIATION FOR FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES!

Three prisoners, Brian Carmichael, Charles Perry and Laos Shuman, who spearheaded the protests at California Medical Facility (CMF) at Vacaville last November against medical neglect and abuse of prisoners with HIV, are facing serious charges and possible pending transfer for attempting to speak to the press. The three men dispute prison administrators' claims that all 25 recommendations of the State Assembly Committee on Public Safety, have been met. Perry, in the later stages of AIDS, has been accused of inciting to riot. He was recently called to the Associate Warden's office and told that if he continued to speak to the press, his compassion release application would never leave her desk. Shuman was warned to expect disciplinary charges for "lying to the press". Carmichael, the most outspoken of the group, due for release in May, has been charged with conspiracy to assault a guard. Neither Perry nor Carmichael were allowed to speak in their own behalfs' or present witnesses at the disciplinary hearing. As of this writing, all charges against Perry have been dropped. Carmichael still faces and "inciting riot" charge but all others he faced have been dropped. There has been no indication yet as to what will happen to Shuman's charges.

The crack-down against the three came at the end of a 90 day grace period granted by assemblyman John Burton, to clean up medical abuse and neglect facing prisoners with HIV at CME. An extensive report issued by Burton's office, made 25 recommendations to be implemented by February 19, 1993. The assemblyman warned prison administrators not to retaliate against the leaders of the hunger strike and prisoner protest. With the official opening of the prison hospice on Feb. 17, 1993, for terminally ill patients, CMF officials announced that they have complied with all of Burton's recommendations. These include 24 hour medical care on the AIDS wing, warmer clothing, emergency buzzers in the cells of HIV patients and expedited system for release of prisoners expected to live no more than six months. (They did not bother to explain why sick and dying prisoners had to resort to a hunger strike in order to get warm clothes.)

When the prisoners attempted to tell their side of the story, the retaliation began. CMF is the focus of a major class action lawsuit, still being monitored by the courts, challenging substandard medical and psychiatric care at the prison. Worsening conditions created a crisis last September, when six HIV prisoners died after receiving little or no medical care. The deaths galvanized prisoners to engage in a medication strike, which further escalated into a hunger strike. Encouraged by outside support from Burton's office and AIDS activists, many prisoners came forward to speak out. In response to public pressure, CMF hired HIV specialist Dr. Jan Diamond to upgrade medical services. Prisoners fear a return to negligent care of the recent past when Dr. Diamond's limited contract expires on April 30th. The prisoners acknowledge that conditions - including medical care - have improved, but according to Perry, who was quoted in a local paper, "The same incidents that took place before because of apathy and hostility" will continue if homophobia and AIDS-phobia among prison workers continues.

In the same article, Peter Yvanivich, another Vacaville prisoner, said that...."the underlying attitude of prejudice and indifference toward sick inmates hasn't changed". He continued by saying " that the Warden should send a message that he will not tolerate guards calling prisoners "faggots" or "queers" by disciplining the officers". As always in prison struggles, Carmichael issued a statement from disciplinary segregation "only half the crime is what they are doing to us, the other half is what they are doing to others, trying to silence them using fear and retaliation to beat everyone back...so many reawakened spirits - reclaiming their self-worth, respect and identity - they are the ones being attacked by these retaliative measures against us".

For more information contact:

San Francisco Act-Up

P.O. Box 14844

San Francisco, CA 94114 USA

PRISONERS' JUSTICE DAY

WOMEN WRITERS : if you would like us to have stories, poems, dramatic scenes read on radio for PRISONERS' JUSTICE DAY - 1994, Please send a copy of your work to:

PRISONERS' JUSTICE DAY COMMITTEE

C/O A-SPACE

183 Bathurst Street

Toronto, Ontario

M5T 2R7



Facility. There was not a whole lot of information there but this is what I have found out. There is a sub-committee with: Ruth Cox, Debbie Warner, Harriet Lynch, Sharon Morrill, Carolyn McNamara, Brandy Kerr

Meeting Sept 1st, 1992

The new facility will be located on Homer-Watson, in the Pioneer-Park area. Architects have been hired and designs for the facility are still under review. There is talk of having "Support Homes" for women being released into the community and may wish to stay there. There has been discussion of literacy to university programs for women. There is a community college - Conestoga, close to the university. Vocational skills and french language programs are being discussed. It was made clear that the issue of Religion needed to be attended to. All Religious denominations are to be represented in the institution. It was noted there should be training in the race relations areas.

Meeting Dec 15, 1992

Architectural design and model operation plan: plans are in the initial stages. Plans are designed for flexibility should more housing units be required. It was made clear that there will be "women-centred" programs such as abuse.

Meeting Feb 25, 1993

It was mentioned that although the prison in the north will be called "The Healing Lodge", this one in Kitchener is called "Facility for Federally Sentenced Women". If words are critical in conveying messages, what message is being conveyed by referring to the two sites in such different ways?

Meeting March 25, 1993

Marie Andrew Drouin has been appointed as the Warden. It was mentioned that the university has expressed interest in participating in Career day in Kingston.

Meeting March 30, 1993

Federally sentenced women will be involved in determining their individual needs and the response to those needs. Support for effective participation will be provided to ensure the service user input is informed and effective. We are still waiting for the architects to present changes they have made to meet budget demands. Once these designs have been approved, we are planning an open house for the community with the architects. There will be minor changes and that will not effect the over all design of the facility or number of units required. It was made clear that there will be "women-centred" programs such as abuse related.

The Four Seasons Of Prison

Darkness never comes in prison, at night we are all children.

The CSC keeps a night light on us while we sleep.

Waking to the hourly shifts from the military boots on concrete floors.

Checking our bodies in our cages, as if we were some precious cargo.
The morning comes and the bright light floods our floors with artificial hope.

We live in cages where in Winter, the voices of our dead sisters warn us of the dishonour of suicide.

And in Spring, the rains that echo up from the concrete, cover our tears of desperation.

When Summer comes, we burn our bodies - nude in the sun - in the prison yard, hoping to die by nature, than by our own hands.

Then Autumn touches us and our spirits are deadened to the long winter ahead.

Where we listen to the wind howl in the barred windows as if our dead sisters want us to follow them, or fight for our lives while we are alive.

Darkness never comes in prison, until they cut us down and carefully lay us in a body bag.

Then the CSC turn the night lights off.

BY: T.A. GLAREMIN

TO WARREN:

*YOU SENT ME THESE THOUGHTS AND NOW I AM SENDING THEM BACK
TO YOU.*

LOVE, LORI

*THERE'S ONE THING IN PRISON
THAT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE FROM ME
IT'S THIS PICTURE ON MY TABLE
THE ONE YOU GAVE ME*

*IT'S THERE WHEN I WAKE UP
AND WHEN I GO TO SLEEP
THE ONE THING THAT I DREAM OF
IS THIS PICTURE THAT I KEEP.*

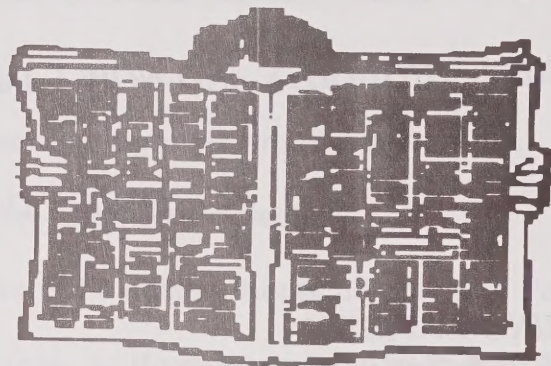
*YOU KNOW I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU
IN EVERYWAY I CAN
SO JUST KEEP RIGHT ON SMILING
LIKE THIS PICTURE IN MY HAND.*

SPECIAL DREAM

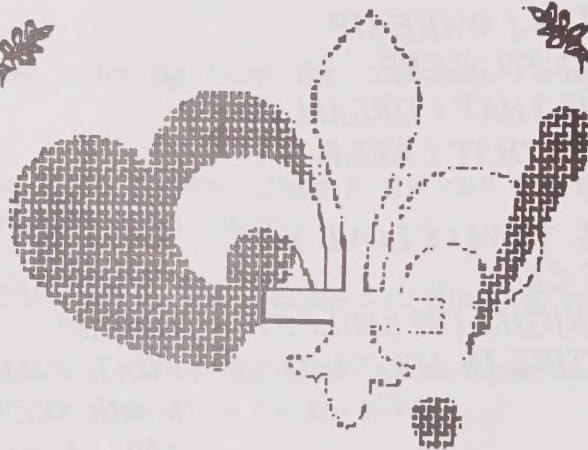
*I USED TO HAVE A SPECIAL
DREAM
THAT SOME DAY I WOULD MEET
SOMEONE WHO WAS WONDERFUL
AND MAKE MY LIFE COMPLETE*

*SOMEONE WHO WOULD
UNDERSTAND
THE THINGS MY HEART WOULD
SAY
SOMEONE WHO BRINGS LAUGHTER
AND JOY TO EVERYDAY*

*I USED TO HAVE A SPECIAL
DREAM
NOW "W" IT'S COME TRUE
THE VERY MOMENT THAT WE MET
I FELT IN LOVE WITH YOU!!!!*

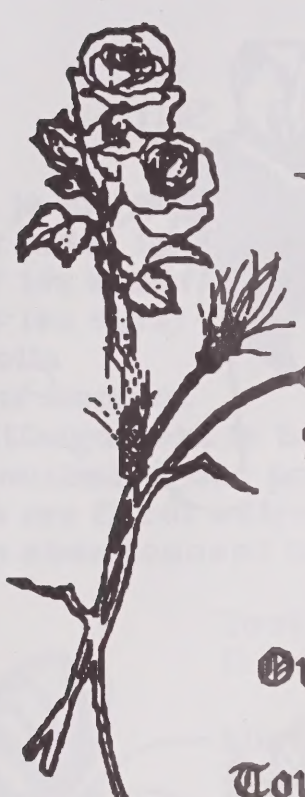


Section



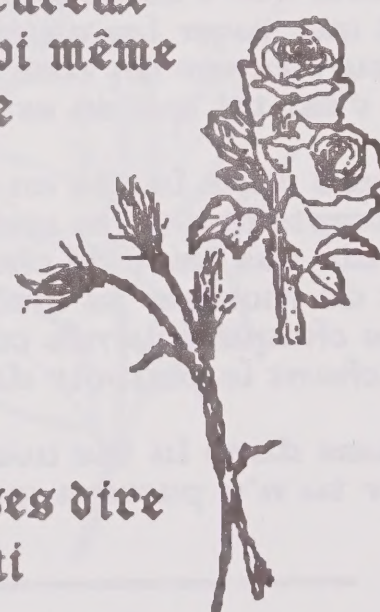
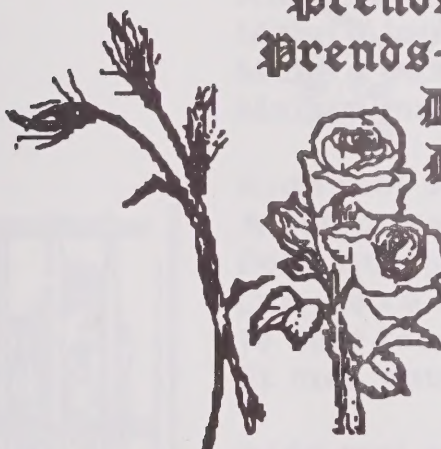
Francophone





Aujourd'hui est à toi

La chose la plus précieuse
que tu possèdes au monde
est " Aujourd'hui "
Aujourd'hui tu peux être heureux
Pas hier, ni demain
La plus part de nos misères
sont des restes d'hier
Ou des soupçons emprunter à demain
Tous les hiers, il les a repris
Tous tes demains sont entre ses mains
Aujourd'hui est à toi
Prends-en les joies et sois heureux
Prends-en les peines et sois toi même
Décide aujourd'hui même
De jouirs de ton travail
comme de tes loisirs
Aujourd'hui est à toi
Vie-le
Emploie-le
Chante-le
De sorte que toujours tu puisses dire
J'ai aimé mes aujourd'hui



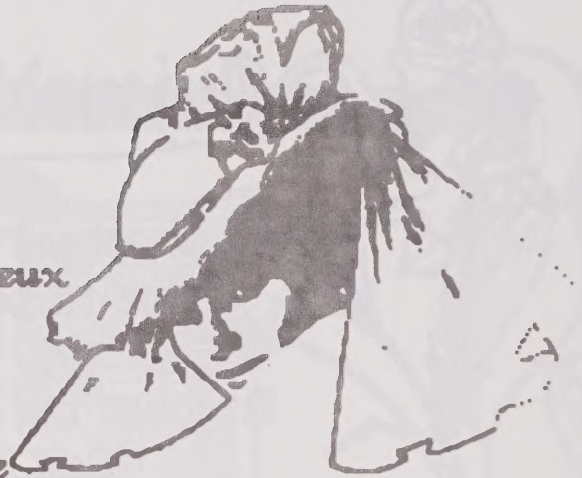
Soumis par...

André Champagne



Un Passage dans la Vie

Passes dans la vie en faisant de ton mieux
N'attends pas que tu sois vieux
Pour apprécier la vie
Et apprendre à lui dire merci
Vis un jour à la fois
Regarde le passé comme une expérience
Et l'avenir comme une espérance



Passes dans la vie en souriant
Regarde avec des yeux d'enfants
Les choses qui te semblent difficiles
Mais qu'en réalité tout est possible

Passes dans la vie en partageant ton amour
Sans rien demander en retour
Sache que l'acceptation est la clé du bonheur
Et que juger les autres t'apportera du malheur
Heureux est un état d'être
et c'est toi qui en es maître



Passes dans la vie en semant la paix
Accepte que tu es seule à porter ta croix
N'aie pas peur de changer tes attitudes
Et de montrer ta gratitude
Vis chaque journée comme étant ta dernière
Sachant le pouvoir de la prière

Passes dans la vie avec une bonne estime de soi
Car tu n'y passeras qu'une seule fois.

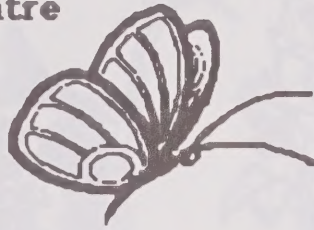


(À ma fille Andréanne que j'aime)

Bernalda...

Je t'aime et je t'envie

Moi, je me fends en quatre
Pour aider les gens
Pour les aimer
Pour les aider
Et voilà
Qu'au moment
On atteignaient le but
On touchait à des propos sensibles
Elles me filent entre les doigts
Elles abandonnent tout.



Tout est à recommencer
Il faut repartir à zéro



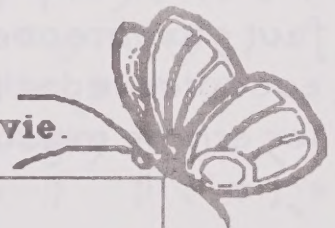
Elles ont oubliée
Tout ce que j'ai fait pour eux
Ca fait mal
Mais je n'abandonne pas
Alors je tiens
Malgré tout
Malgré eux
Malgré moi!

Aide moi seulement
A retrouver un peu de paix
Pour que je puisse en donner aux autres
Car, de ce temps-ci
Je suis comme un tonnerre
Et mes yeux lancent des éclairs!



Aide moi aussi
Seigneur
Au milieu de ma nuit
Dans le silence de la nuit
De comprendre ces gens
Qui ne comprennent rien

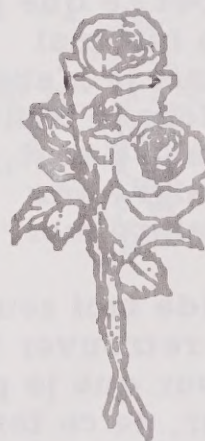
Seigneur, je t'aime et je t'envie.



Agathe Brochu
Pénitencier de Kingston, Ont.

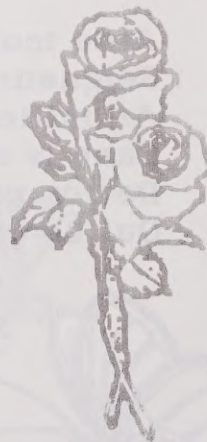
* * Minuit Bleu * *

Il est minuit
 Il fait nuit
 Il fait noir
 Très noir
 Mais heureusement
 Il y a les étoiles
 Nombreuses
 Qui piquent le ciel
 Et qui scintillent
 Comme des palettes d'or
 Sur la robe du firmament
 S'il n'y avait pas d'étoiles
 Que la nuit serait triste
 S'il n'y avait pas de nuit
 On ne verrait pas les étoiles



Il fait parfois nuit
 Dans ma vie
 Problèmes, Déceptions, Échecs
 Qu'il y ait toujours des étoiles
 Pour éclairer mes nuits
 Amitiés, Joies, Reconnaissance

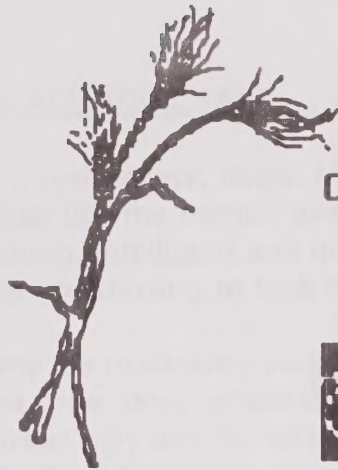
La vie c'est quelque chose de merveilleux
 Mais la vie, ça tient à un petit bout de fil
 C'est parfois si simple de la couper
 Et si tentant de le faire
 Il faut s'avoir accepter, la vie
 Et accepter les autres
 Et les autres m'accepter
 Il est minuit



Olythe Brochu

L'amour

est la capacité
et la volonté
de laisser ceux
pour qui l'on a de
l'affection, être ce
qu'ils choisissent
d'être, sans exiger
que leur
comportement
nous donne
satisfaction



N'abandonne pas

Quand la route
Est remplie d'obstacles
Et que tu n'attends
Aucun miracle
Il est permis de t'arrêter
Mais non d'abandonner
Quand le succès te fuit
Et que le doute t'envahit
Peut-être qu'à ton insu
Tu es tout près du but
C'est quand tu a tout essayé
Qu'il ne faut pas abandonner

Soumis par:

André Champagne

La mort

Ce que la Chenille
Appelle la fin du monde
Le Maître l'appelle
Un papillon.



Soumis par:

Danielle Redmond

Signe

Le signe
De ton ignorance
C'est la profondeur
De ta croyance
En l'injustice
et en la tragédie

Événements

Chaque personne
Tous les événements
De ta vie
Sont là parce que tu
Les as attirés là
Ce que tu choisis
De faire avec eux
N'appartient qu'à
Toi

Le monde

Le monde
Est notre cahier d'écolier
Sur ses pages
Nous faisons nos exercices
Il n'est pas réalité
Quoique tu puisses
Y exprimer de la réalité
Si tu le désires
Tu es également
Libre d'écrire
Des inepties
Ou des mensonges
Ou de déchirer
Les pages

A Leo:

AMOUR

*Eternite qui n'a un sourire,
Minute qui n'a qu'un souvenir,
Marque sur L'airain, trait sur la cire,*

*Abime ou le contenant s'ottire
Dans le contenu pour se l'unir
Ou le coeur disparaît et se brule;*

*Aurore, Soleil et Crepuscule;
Le Passe, Le Present, L'avenir;
Toujours devant jamais qui recule.*

**Agatha Brochu
P.4.W**

ATTENTION ALL ADDICTS!!!!.....KNOW ME????

Hi!!!! My name is "DRUGS".....you know, dope. Makes you shiver, doesn't it? I'm alcohol's faithful friend, and just like my friend I despise everyone, especially youth. I hate you because you are young, intelligent and healthy. Fortunately, many among you are already my slaves and are starting to look it too.

In case you don't know, it is my job to destroy your mind, it's my specialty. I love the feeble minded, the neurotics, the drug addicts, the zombies.... actually I love everything but beauty. I find trees ugly and flowers really horrify me. The nature your God created, I find awful. That's why I sent those who use me into the lands of desolation and terror from where they most often do not return. I just love to watch people kill each other to get me. I love big dealers, immoral people, filth, desperation and death. I am known all around the world. I go across continents with the speed of lightening and no border can restrain me. I am everywhere. I laugh at laws and principles and the trail I leave behind me is one of destruction and insanity.

Thank you for selling me, using me, hiding me. Your help is a must to annihilate what's left of love on earth. If you love horror films, if you want to know pain and fear, and if you - like me, are a sworn enemy of happiness, then use me without reserve. Finding me is easy..... I'm everywhere: in the pusher's pocket, in bars, in schools...everywhere that my services are needed. You can even become one of my sales people. Like a vampire, I'm always looking for new blood. I have only one friend in all the world.... alcohol! He loves me and respects me. He knows very well that I am more dangerous than he is. Together we make quite a team, we are in perfect harmony. The number of "out" victims is constantly growing.... what more could we ask for?

Won't you all give me your minds? I promise to be very careful in contaminating them as effectively and as permanently as I can and at the same time I'll turn you into living wrecks in as little time as possible. If you are lucky, you'll commit suicide and if you're not, you'll end up in an insane asylum or jail. I let you think about it.... I have to go... there is much work to be done....business is booming. Millions of innocent victims are waiting for me.

P.S.: Do forgive me if I don't have time to watch your degradation nor assist at your funeral.

Without any regard to Human Life,

MARANATHA MOTORCYCLE CLUB, Ungava Chapter

U.S. PRISONER RECALLS DUTCH PRISON TIME

The author of the following article was an inmate in a New York State prison. He had been held in a Dutch prison, while awaiting extradition back to the USA to stand trial in New York.

On November 15, 1984, I was arrested in Amsterdam, The Netherlands at the request of a New York county police agency. After 4 days in a police cell, I was brought to the Pentientiare Inrichtingen Overamstel which the local people call the "Bijlmer Bajes" (Bajes means jail). I spent 3 1/2 months there. I was released and then re-arrested the following June and extradited to the USA on July 4, 1985.

The Bajes is, in effect the Amsterdam county jail; it is just six short subway stops from the City Centre. It is comprised of six white ten storey towers, which are connected by a huge colourfully painted central room, about the size of a football field. There is no barbed wire or guard towers. The complex is surrounded by a 15 ft. cement wall and canal. (I was told that psychologically it made the inmates feel better if they thought they had a chance of escaping. I also learned that in Holland you have the right to escape and receive no extra time for doing so). Each tower contains five duplex "pavilions"; each one houses 24 inmates. The pavilions are spacious, attractive and clean; all wood-panelling, posters, plants and picture windows. Each contained a billiard and ping-pong tables, fussball, a large T.V. and game room, two shower rooms with three locked stalls, tables and padded chairs. The atmosphere was homey and relaxed. There are no bars anywhere in the Bajes.....

My cell amazed me....it looked very much like a motel room. A curtained picture window was surfaced to serve as a mirror at night. There was free-standing bed with a bed-spread, food cabinet, plate, cups, silverware, cleaning tools, long shelf, closet and a bathroom complete with door, porcelain fixtures and tiled walls as I might see at home. Music was piped in; there was an intercom to the guard station which would be answered within a minute. There was a large formica writing table and chair, wall lamp, overhead light and padded chair. The furniture could be arranged as you wished. There was forced-air heating, controlled by the inmate. A T.V. could be rented cheaply and 5 videos were piped in weekly including hard-core pornography (!). The cell was sound proof. A few minutes after I arrived, two guards came to my door with a rolling cart asking "Coffee or tea?". This occurred four or five times a day.

The Bajes houses 720 inmates, many of them non-Dutch; it's quite an international mix. Most of the guards speak English. A relaxed friendly atmosphere is encouraged; I never saw any friction between inmates. In Holland, prison sentences are short, three or four years is considered a long sentence. I think such sentences greatly reduce tension "inside".

The Dutch feel that the word "gezellig" (which roughly translates as "cozy") best describes the national character; certain aspects of life are considered "gewoon" (normal). These are provided in the Bajes. Privacy was considered a right, as was "quiet". All inmates are treated with respect (guards never knew your charges and regardless, they would respect you). Inmates were left their dignity and individuality, (we wore our own clothes and in fact by the time I left, almost all my possessions were in my cell).

The program was quite complete. Sports five times a week, fresh air everyday, work three of four hours per day, recreation daily, and twice on weekends. The library was part of the city system and books could be requested. Once a week, law students came in to advise us as well as the clergy conducted a talk group (coffee and cake served). Art classes were also available once a week. Professionals such as dentists, psychologists, clergy and doctors (tranquilizers gladly prescribed), were readily available. There was also a grievance board to handle any complaints against guards; no fear of reprisals. (I do not recall anyone needing it during my stay). Newspapers and magazines could be ordered from a massive list, also ethnic food packages. At my request, I received Dutch lessons twice a week in my cell. I received massages twice a week for a neck problem. There were large quantities of the best available art supplies. A prison radio station broadcasts requests from inside and outside the facility. The commissary was remarkably well stocked and included a huge array of spices and fresh fruit. While at the Bajes, I slept only five hours per night.... as there was too much to do.

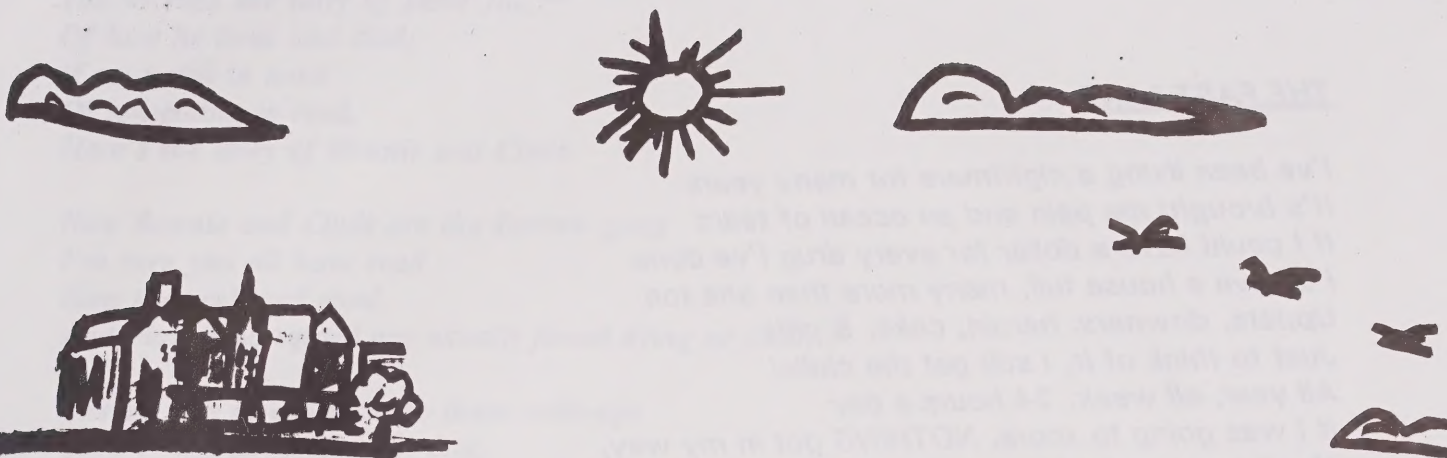
A few weeks before Christmas, we were given a tremendous amount of material with which to decorate the Pavilion. The best Pavilion won a prize. A tree was brought and trimmed. We pooled a bit of money and organized four shared feasts; twice these meals were catered from the outside. There were films, two concerts, sports tournaments, a week off from work and special broadcasts. During one of the feasts, I sat at the head of the table wishing I could take a photograph. The uniforms of the guards (who joined us for meals) were the only clue that this was a prison....

The guards at the Bajes mostly worked downstairs monitoring T.V. screens for four years before they were allowed to work with the inmates. Usually there were three guards on duty in each Pavilion. While I was there, there were only two. They were quite unhappy that there was no longer much time to socialize with us. They were always polite, patient and considerate. They carried no weapons...physical force was a last resort. I never saw force being used during the time that I was there. The guards were highly trained and quite conscientious, compassionate and dedicated. When they had time, they joined us for recreation. For most of us, there was no feeling of "them" and "us".

While at the Bajes I was allowed to start a pottery program. I taught usage of the wheel to any interested inmates in my tower. When I was released, the administrators knowing that I hated to see this program die, invited me back to teach a class to the guards. So, a few weeks after my release I was back; twice a week I taught guards, the assistant director and social cultural worker. I was very grateful that they were open enough to give an ex-inmate a chance to work there. Later, after returning to the USA, I received a touching card from the entire class. I continue to correspond with one of them whom I consider a good and faithful friend.

Four months after my release, I was re-arrested. We lost our extradition case and I was flown back to America. I spent the following four months in a county jail near New York. American prisons have a terrible reputation in Holland and I quickly discovered why. I realized full well at the Bajes that if I had to return to the States I would experience a severe "culture shock" and it was true. I spent twenty-three hours a day in a very confined space and one hour per day in a drab cement yard. Our cells were basically a row of cages, a monotonous green, small, bars, cold, damp and incredibly noisy. A loudspeaker was aimed into my cell. The guards sometimes amused themselves by blasting loud music, feedback, desk noises, inane jokes, etc. through this loudspeaker. We did have a T.V. set, but aside from a weekly church service, no programs or activities were available. After a new air conditioning system was installed, we froze. Many inmates had no clothes other than their uniform, and we were only allowed one threadbare blanket. We showered in a horrible cement room in full view of anyone approaching the tier. We were provided no legal means of drying out clothes. Clothes lines were jerry-rigged from torn sheets. The guards were, in the main part apathetic, arrogant or downright sadistic. Our meals arrived cold on the most part. The windows, five feet away through metal bars, were often closed for weeks at a time, so we could never catch a glimpse of the outside world. We were often scheduled for yard at night and would not see the sun for days at a time. A huge fluorescent light glared into our cells. I could imagine the Dutch saying "Not normal". I became starved for the sight of anything organic. Nostalgically remembered the two pet canaries that flew around our Pavilion at the Bajes.

I heard that the county I was in was one of the richest in the world. Some of the inmates spend more than a year there while the legal wheel grinds slowly away. Now I'm at a State reception facility and things are a bit better or closer to what I learned in Holland to think of as "normal". I rarely think of the county jail. I believe I'm repressing the memory. I often think of the Bajes though. It is strange to feel "home-sick" for prison. But I have seen the way prison can be and I can now never believe it can not be this way. I'll never, in my mind at least, settle for less. I have wondered a lot about why it isn't that way here, but I really can't say for sure.....



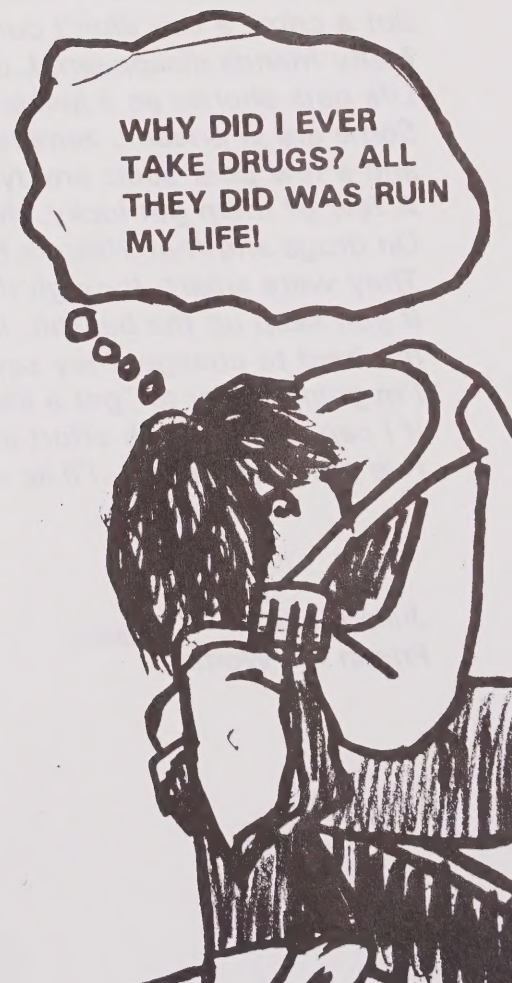
THE GREAT DESTROYER

Drugs are not worth while,
all they do is bring poverty,
loneliness, pain, emptiness
and some people lose their jobs,
apartments, and their friends.

Drugs bring great danger,
they work against the law. Some
people steal, lie and do almost
anything to get them. Believe me,
I know, I was once addicted.
Look at where they brought me!
It seems like all the people who
ever end up in jail, were taking drugs.

Some people kill for them, some
rob banks, some sell their bodies.
Some people are not lucky they
end up dead, trying to get drugs.

Be wise, stay away from the
dangerous trap, stay clean.
Because the only place drugs
are coming from is an evil one.
It makes the person do anything
to get them.



THE FAST LANE

*I've been living a nightmare for many years
It's brought me pain and an ocean of tears
If I could have a dollar for every drug I've done
I'd have a house full, many more than one ton
Uppers, downers, heroin, coke, & pills
Just to think of it, I still get the chills!
All year, all week, 24 hours a day
If I was going to score, NOTHING got in my way,
Hurricanes, tornados, rain, sleet or snow
Call me up, you've got dope? Heh! I'm ready to go!
Morning, noon, middle of the night
No matter what hour, I'm high as a kite
I'd be tissic, paranoid, & real mean
But with a hit in my hand, I felt like a queen
My skull pounding, I sometimes felt dead
But just one more buzz, then there's no pain in my head
A fix to get up and one to go to sleep
Money was a problem, the cost was getting steep
I'd rob places, write cheques, I became a full-time stealer
Things really didn't work, when I tried to be dealer!
I thought it was cool, I liked this lifestyle
But a crime a day didn't cut it, I still owed a pile
Many friends disappeared, one by one
Life gets shorter as a junkie and a con
Some are in prisons, zombies, crazy or dead
and a few poor souls are dying in a hospital bed
A few of them got lucky, they are living straight
On drugs and that lifestyle they closed the gate
They were smart, through the years they learned
If you keep up the bullshit, in the end you get burned
It's hard to change, they say "be strong"
I'm going to try to "get a life" or I won't live long
If I can put as much effort into getting straight as I did getting high
I've got a chance.....I'll be alright.....I'll get by.....*

*Julie McKay
Prison for Women*

*You've read the story of Jesse James
Of how he lived and died;
If your still in need
Of something to read,
Here's the story of Bonnie and Clyde.*

*Now Bonnie and Clyde are the Barrow gang
I'm sure you all have read
How they rob and steal
And those who squeal are usually found dying or dead.*

*There's lots of un-truths to these write-ups
They're not as ruthless as that;
Their nature is raw
They hate the law -
The stool pigeons, spotters and rats.*

*They call them cold blooded killers
They say they are heartless and mean
But I say this with pride
That I once knew Clyde
When he was honest upright and clean.*

*But the law fooled around
Kept taking him down
And locking him up in a cell
Till he said to me
"I'll never be free
So I'll meet a few of them in hell"*

*The road was dimly lighted;
There were no highway signs to see
But they made up their minds
If the roads were all blind
They wouldn't give up till they died*

*The road gets dimmer and dimmer
Sometimes you can hardly see;
But its fight man to man
And do all you can
or they know they can never be free.*

cont'd.....

*From heartbreak some people have suffered;
From weariness some people have died
But take it all in all
Our troubles are small
Till we get like Bonnie and Clyde*

*If a policeman is killed in Dallas
And they have no clue or guide
They just wipe their slate clean
And hang it on Bonnie and Clyde.*

*There's two crimes committed in America
Not credited to the Barrow mob;
They had no hand
In the kidnap demand
Nor the Kansas City Depot job*

*A news boy once said to his buddy
"I wish old Clyde would get jumped"
In these awful hard times,
We'd make a few dimes,
If five or six coppers got bumped."*

*The police haven't got their report yet,
But Clyde called me up today,
He said "Don't start any fights -
We arn't working nights -
We're joining The NRA."*

*From Irving to West Dallas viaduct
is known as the Great Divide
Where women are kin
And men are men
And they won't "stool" on Bonnie and Clyde.*

*If they try to act like citizens
And rent a nice little flat
About the third night
They're invited to fight
But a sub-gun's rat-tat-tat*

cont'd...

*They don't think they're too smart or desperate,
They know the law always wins,
They've been shot at before
But they don't ignore
That death is the wages of sin.*

*Some day they'll go down together
They'll burn them side by side;
To few it'll be grief
To the law a relief
But it's death for Bonnie and Clyde.*

Taken from Lifer's of Stony Mountain. "Omega Club Tunnel".

PROGRAM SCHEDULE FOR CHAPEL

SUNDAY:

1300 Hours Roman Catholic Mass
1400 Hours Last Sunday of Month: Apostolic Church
Service (Black)
1900 Hours Jehovah Witness Study
2000 Hours Protestant Chapel Service
.....

MONDAY:

0800 Hours Morning Devotions
0915 Hours Bi-monthly: Catholic visitor meets with
Spanish speaking inmates
1300 Hours Jehovah Witness visitors
1500 Hours Bi-monthly: Muslim visitors
Monthly: French Priest, counseling, Mass
.....

TUESDAY:

1000 Hours Religious Visits: Baptist visitors
Bi-monthly: Jewish Rabbi
Bi-monthly: Lutheran pastor
1300 Hours Project Reconciliation Group
1500 Hours Salvation Army Visitor
1630 Hours Early Dinner - Bible Study
.....

WEDNESDAY:

11:15 Hours Early Lunch, Bible Study (Chaplaincy Team)
.....

THURSDAY:

1000 Hours Roman Catholic Chaplain on duty Counseling
1600 Hours.....

FRIDAY:

On Call
.....

SATURDAY:

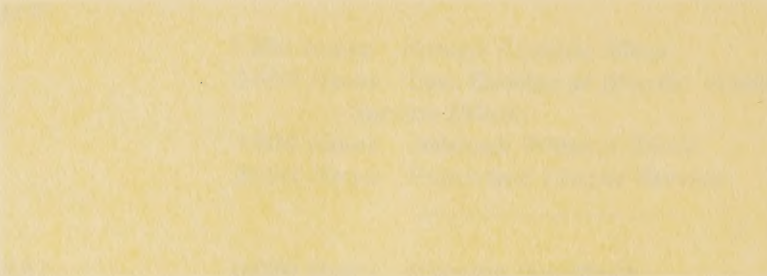
Monthly: W2 (Women to Women) visits
Semi-Annually: Prison Fellowship Seminars
Annually: Salvation Army Seminar and Social
Quarterly: AVP (Alternatives to Violence)
Training Program
.....

OTHER:

Counseling
Religious Diets as required
Denominational visits
.....

CHAPLAINS:

J. Petrus Protestant (Coordinator)
J. Petrus Protestant
S. Alan .. A.C.
L. Lejole A.C. (Francophone)



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